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BIOGRAPHY

OF

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

BY

M. L. WILSON

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TO
MR. JAMES STEELE CATHERWOOD, THE DEVOTED
HUSBAND, AND TO THEIR AFFECTIONATE
DAUGHTER HAZEL, IS THIS BOOK
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this volume the writer has felt his inability to do full justice to the sterling qualities of character and brilliant genius of this accomplished and successful writer. But since the duty and privilege seem, in an orderly way, to devolve upon him he has given to it his best thoughts and has sought to give accurate statements and convey correct impressions of her struggles and attainments in her literary career.

When he first met the little aspiring country girl, her diffident manner, yet pleasing and resolute countenance appealed to his most favorable consideration. At that time he did not comprehend the volume of energy and aplomb wrapped up in that apparently delicate frame. Neither did he dream that the day would come when her name would be enrolled among the leading literary writers of America; nor that he would live to be called upon to write her Biography.

Whatever pleasure he derives from the good fortune which made it possible for him to render her some material assistance in her early struggles is more than counterbalanced by the humiliating thought that he could have—and should have—done much more.

Herein is a lesson of infinite significance. The

opportunity of beneficence comes to every one; every day helpful possibilities confront every one. If in no other way, in patience, in forgiveness, forbearance, a loving or kind word or smile that may brighten the gloom of some dark day. Happy those whose thoughtfulness and *will* embrace such opportunities, thus enriching and ennobling their own character. Churlish or careless those who disregard these occasions when they come to them, and say: "Am I my brother's keeper?" All are in a degree remiss, but it is the hope of the writer of the Biography of Mary Hartwell Catherwood that her worth and accomplishments may come to the reader as a bright and shining light along life's dark and brush-encumbered way.

Credit should be given the Hoopeston (Ill.) Chronicle for much of the matter relating to the funeral obsequies. In all other matter due credit, it is hoped will be found in the body of this work, except in relation to that noble Christian gentleman Prof. W. P. Kerr, to whom more praise is due. Frequent visits to the college during his administration gave evidence of his helpful disposition to everyone, and especially did Miss Hartwell often express her appreciation of his kindness.

M. L. W.

MRS. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD,

Born in Luray, Ohio, December 16, 1847
Died in Chicago, Illinois, December 26, 1902.

CHAPTER ONE.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round blood; 'Tis a great spirit and a busy brain. We live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not in breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial Should we count them by heart throbs, He most lives who thinks most, feels most, and acts best."

In many of our Public Libraries, as well as in the homes of the better class of citizens in the United States and Canada, may be found the literary works of Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Her mental endowments, supported by a fixed purpose and indomitable will broke down the barriers of poverty and the restricting environment of her girlhood days, and through the wilderness of opposing influences she battled her way to "the promised land" of literary fame. The encomiums of the press, and

words of praise from the eminent in the field of letters, attest her accomplishments and merit.

MARY HARTWELL was the daughter of Dr. Marcus and Pheba Hartwell, and was born in the village of Luray, Licking County, Ohio, December 16, 1847. Dr. Hartwell was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and came to Licking County, Ohio, with his parents, when he was quite young. His boyhood days were spent upon his father's farm, but when nearing his majority he followed his inclinations and took up the study of medicine and surgery, chiefly with Dr. Thrall, of Kirkersville, Ohio, as his preceptor. He subsequently graduated from the Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio, in the class of 1846. A short time before completing his studies and receiving his diploma, he was united in marriage to Miss Pheba, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Thompson of He-

bron, Ohio, and engaged in practice in Luray, in the same county, where he lived for nearly ten years, and where two children were born to them,—Mary and Roxana.

About 1856 Dr. Hartwell removed with his family to Milford, Illinois, where he purchased a comfortable home and continued in practice. Still young, vigorous, and energetic, his fondest hopes seemed in a way to be realized; but the hard service, the broad sweep of the bleak prairie winds, and incident exposure, were too much for even his strong constitution. He contracted a severe cold, which resulted in pneumonia, from which (on account, it is alleged, of inexperienced medical attention) he died within one year after locating at Milford. Taken from his little family at a time when they so much needed his strong and helpful spirit to counsel and support them, his death was a calamity which only those who have suffered

such bereavement can fully realize.

Shortly after the death of her husband, Mrs. Hartwell gave birth to a son, who was given the name of Marcus, for his father. The loss she had sustained in the death of her husband, to whom she had clung as does the ivy to the oak, was more than the wife could bear; and only a few months elapsed, after her husband's body had been consigned to the grave, when she too sickened and died,—leaving three orphan children. The older two, Mary and Roxana, though yet quite young, were old enough deeply to feel their lonely condition.

It may be remarked here that the graves of the parents, in the little cemetery of Milford, never lacked for care from the subject of this Biography; and in after years it was her custom to visit the spot, once or twice each year, to see that the graves were properly cared for, and to decorate them with flowers be-

dewed with memory's filial tears. She also had a neat and appropriate monument placed at the graves.

The Children Are Taken to the Home of Their Maternal Grandparents.

Upon the death of Dr. Hartwell and his wife, Mr. Jesse Thompson, their maternal grandfather, had himself appointed guardian of the three children, and took them to his home in Hebron, Ohio. Mr. Cyrus Hartwell, the doctor's brother, was appointed administrator of the estate; but in the adjustment of affairs and payment of incidental expenses, it was found that the children were left in very limited circumstances.

While enjoying the educational advantages of the public schools in her new home, there was little in it to encourage intellectual development, or to favor the aspirations so firmly implanted

in the mind of Miss Hartwell. Hebron was her home for some years, including all its joys and disturbing influences; and while she avers that a literary spirit possessed her from her earliest recollection, here is where her literary career had its special unfolding. Her aspirations craved a mental growth and activity beyond the restrictions to which she was subjected and the almost insurmountable obstacles that confronted her. With ideality and sublimity largely developed in her mental composition, she was constantly making verses, and a Miss Sharer of Hebron, who was one of her early school-mates, says:

"I think it was before Mary was ten years of age that she wrote a poem for our school paper (of which I was chosen editor), entitled, "Willetta," which was so remarkably bright for one so youthful that I preserved the paper it was written on, and have it to this day."

Mary was endowed with an inherent force of reflection and comparison

which from the first beat against the bars of expression with irresistible force; and undoubtedly she maintained a close proximity to the truth when an inquirer once asked her, "How old were you when you first felt the impulse to write?" Her reply, given in a jesting way, was, "I think it must have been when I was in my cradle."

She was neither slothful nor indolent, but vivacious and happy in the participation of childish sports; yet inclination and ambition made her a close and diligent student at school, and when she was but thirteen years of age she obtained a teacher's certificate. Her youthful appearance, however, prevented her securing a position until the following year.

The School-Teacher's Experience.

Miss Hartwell taught her first school in ~~Jersey~~ Lima township, in her native county.

The school-building stood in an old orchard near country road-crossings, and was a one-story frame building. A large stove occupied the center of the room, and long wooden benches were provided for seats, with sloping writing places on each side. Here she earned the first money she could call her own.

It was the custom in this district at this time, and one that still prevails in many rural districts, to pay the teachers a stipulated sum per month, and board them with the families for such a time as accorded with the number of pupils sent by each family to the school,—which practice was called "boarding 'round." One evening, as Judge Green, —one of the district school directors (and who was also one of the best known citizens of the county) who had been instrumental in securing Miss Hartwell the school,—was driving toward his home, he overtook the young teacher. She was walking slowly along

the frozen road-way, in an apparently self-absorbed or dejected mood. The winter night's shadows were falling; the day had been a trying one, such as all teachers will at times experience; weary, hungry, and depressed, it is not surprising that in her lonely walk her dejected appearance should indicate her mental condition. But the sun always appears brighter when it emerges from a cloud, and human experience teaches that seasons of depression, disappointment, and sorrow are often the precursors of radiant joy. It was Miss Hartwell's good fortune to realize this, in this instance. After bidding her a pleasant "good evening," Judge Green inquired where she was going; to which the youthful teacher replied,—

"That's a query I've been trying myself to solve. I have just left the house of Mr. ——., which in order is the place where I was to be entertained next, and my reception was not in the least agree-

able. I was not only coldly received, but was told by the madam that they could not take me, and that I must find some other place. The family was seated at the table, and I was neither invited to their meal nor offered a chair."

"How did you feel just then?" inquired the judge.

"I felt that I was dismissed, and took my leave unceremoniously. Now I am puzzled about where next to apply."

The reply of the judge was such as to drive away all gloom, hunger, and fatigue from the young teacher's mind.

"Well, young lady," said he, "you just take a seat in my buggy, and I guess you will find some one ready to receive you. I'm sure supper is waiting at home, and you will be cordially welcomed by my wife and daughter."

It was, as he had assured her; and with this family she always found a home to which she could turn for cheer, comfort, and assistance. Mrs.

Green became to her as a mother, their daughter Seba as a sister, and Judge Green ever after held her affection and esteem as a father.

In a letter received from the latter he says:

"On one occasion, when Mary was staying with us, we drove to a near-by station to meet an old aunt of mine, who came to make us a visit. Mary and the children were with us. On returning, the aunt inquired if these children were all mine. I said 'Yes, all mine.' Mary told me afterward how glad she was to hear me say that, for now she felt she had a father. Ever after that she called me 'father.' "

Had Miss Hartwell's inclinations led her to adopt teaching as a profession, she would have been eminently successful, as she inherited those qualities which insure confidence and respect from children. As an instance of her good judgment it may be related that during the winter of 1863, when she had nearly reached her sixteenth year, she engaged

to teach in a district in which there were some mischievous boys who were hard to control. In this school, as is usual in such cases, there was one boy who was the leader. He was older than the teacher, and insinuated by his conduct that he was too old and too advanced in his studies to be instructed by her. He also committed violations of order, especially indulging in slightly whistling at his studies, which became infectious. For a time she gave only general admonition, which had but temporary effect. Instead of showing anger, and resorting to corporal punishment, or reporting to the school-directors, she, one afternoon, requested this young man to tarry after school was dismissed. Then, when the scholars had retired, she took a seat near him, and in a kindly way told him something of her life struggle and what it was her ambition to accomplish.

"Now, 'Con,'" she said, "I want to teach this school successfully, so that I

can take a course in college and be prepared for the work I hope to do. I know you want to be a gentleman and not a rowdy. Now, you can help me, or you can spoil my dearest ambition, by making me fail as a teacher. If I lose this school, I may not be able to get another, and I will not believe you want to spoil my hopes by making my efforts here a failure."

This appeal to the young man's reason and better nature was successful. He begged her pardon for all his misconduct; and she not only had no further trouble with the school, but he afterward did all he could to assist her, especially in mathematics, in which he was most proficient, and which she always confessed was her weak point at that time. Now for the sequel. During the summer of 1902, after a lapse of nearly forty years, and after the publication of "Lazarre," Mrs. Catherwood received a letter from a prominent business man

of Findlay, Ohio, referring to the above incident, saying he was the blue-eyed boy who attended the school of such a place, and who gave her so much trouble until she had appealed to his honor and manhood. He said he had watched her career, and read her books as they came out, and was proud of her accomplishments!

The Biographer Makes the Acquaintance of Miss Hartwell.

It was when Miss Hartwell was about fifteen years of age that the writer first became personally acquainted with her. As publisher of the "Newark (Ohio) American," he received from her some short poems and local news items which sparkled like the glint of a genuine diamond. Some weeks elapsed, when, upon invitation, she called at my office. I was not prepared to see a person of such youthful appearance, and told her so. She was of medium height, light

brown hair, dark blue eyes, slenderly built, very plainly but neatly dressed, modest and retiring to diffidence. The interview terminated agreeably to both parties, including an agreement between us that she should continue her contributions and correspondence.

In the early part of the summer of 1863, she wrote a poem entitled "Pocahontas," which so impressed me with its bright thoughts and original conceptions, that, with her approval, I forwarded it to the publishers of a children's magazine in Philadelphia, and in due time received a two dollar bill and a fifty cent fractional note. This I handed to her, and it was the first money she received directly for her literary efforts. Small as was this amount, it was accepted with as much delight as she experienced in after years, when her productions were eagerly demanded, and liberal cheques followed their acceptance.

In her early years Miss Hartwell wrote little else than poetry, some of which disclosed the soul of genius conspicuously and which afterward shone in her literary work; but believing she would find more popular favor in the line of her ambition, I advised her to apply herself to prose, and especially to "story-telling."

Among her earlier poems, I have before me a copy of "The Voice," (then published by the writer) for December, 1863, containing a poem entitled "The Broken Hearted," by Mary Hartwell; also a copy of "The Newark (O.) American," bearing date July 8, 1864, containing a touching tribute "To Ira M. Marsh of Company H, 31st O. V. I., who was killed at the battle of Ressacca, Georgia, May 16, 1864, with whom she was intimately acquainted. Her first story was published in "The American," March 25, 1864, entitled "The Hospital Nurse," and evinced the spirit of a successful story writer.

Miss Hartwell was uniformly of a bright and happy disposition; but there were times when poverty and her environment griped her, and so obstructed the path of her aspirations that she would feel, and give expression to, bitter reflections and sadness.

In a personal letter which I received from her March 16, 1864, giving evidence that she had met with some unhappy experiences, she said, "I am crossed and thwarted at every turn. I walk in darkness, and the gloom overwhelms me. If there is a God, why am I given these desires to fly, and then have my wings clipped? Has He given me life, only to be cast down and trampled in the mud?"

The reader, I trust, will pardon me if I give a brief extract from my reply, a copy of which I have preserved to this day.

Newark, Ohio, March 17, 1864.

"I reply to yours of yesterday because I have

the time and inclination. I am glad you tell me so frankly the feelings you entertain, even if they are agnostic and pessimistic. I will not undertake to mark out any dogmatic Christian course for you. There is within each heart that beats for a higher and purer life a monitor directing,—a star in the East showing the way . . . I only wish to say, you should not presume to speak so lightly of the Divine Being, or dispute His agency in the world or your own life, because you cannot have every pebble removed from your path. You say, 'His hand has not lifted me up, but has cast me down and heaped ashes on me. I must climb up, and if I reach the top I must ascribe it to Providence!'

"Now, because your wisdom fails to comprehend the use of trials, or how they may be for your ultimate good, you reject the workings of a higher power. May it not be that you need this discipline to develop that strength of character you require to lift you up, to pull you through difficulties awaiting you in your career? We must be patient, and let the good we recognize be the door-way to let into our lives things heavenly and divine, if happiness attend our success. Sincerely you frriend,

"M. L. W."

This much is given in order to show something of the workings of Miss Hartwell's mind and the influences to which she was subjected at this time. Now, because it is germane, as well as for its pathos and appropriate sentiment, I introduce a poem which she wrote in 1867,—three years later. Its length is excusable because of its evident self-reference:

REBUKED.

A sunset view, a spreading land,
The girl could from that stile command.
She put the basket out of hand.

With brows as dark as brooding elf,
She leant, a slender weary self,
Against the fence's jutting shelf.

The blood upon her finger-tips
Had oozed through berries' bruised lips;
Her eyes were blank with some eclipse.

"I know the meaning of to be,
Much else has not been granted me;
I hate this life! I will be free!"

She looked along the purpling sky,
The soul of genius in her eye;
Then threw the blanky mantle by.

Oh, tints and glows of dying day,
We never feel what thou wouldst say,
That thus the claimed may pass away.

A voice came in from all around—
Was centered to one silent bound—
God's voice hath never need of sound.

She felt the spell of Majesty;
"I will that thou should'st toil for Me;
I labored once beyond the sea.

"My wounds have borne their crimson fruit,
Whose seeds must in each heart take root.
Be like Me,—wounded; like Me—mute."

The girl her sad rebuked face
Raised from the crumbling stile, to trace
In lighted clouds His robes of grace.

She took her heavy basket up;
Her heart was like a lily cup,
Dew-filled, whereof might others sup.

"On God's good time," she said, "wait I,
For He will shape my destiny;
His gifts can never buried lie.

"I have been pitiful with pride.
He leads me; I am by His side.
I will be meek—I will abide."

CHAPTER TWO.

"Genius cannot always be imprisoned; She will burst the doors and flash her splendors on the world."

Miss Hartwell Enters Granville Female Seminary.

Miss Hartwell's energies were now strenuously directed towards the ways and means of securing a more thorough education. She felt this necessity so deeply that the subject was scarcely ever out of her mind. Without money and, as yet, few friends, young and inexperienced, she could see no door-way open to her longing desire. Yet in her impulsive, determined way, she said:

"It must be! I feel it as essential to mind as bread and meat to the body." Up to 1865, she had received only such educational advantages as the public

schools of that day and her limited spare time and candle-light afforded.

The Granville, Ohio, Female College was at this time one of the best conducted and most popular educational institutions in the state, and was under the management of Prof. W. P. Kerr. The writer took occasion to inform Prof. Kerr of Miss Hartwell's worth and ambition; and her foster father, Judge Green (now an octogenarian, and citizen of Battle Creek, Mich.) personally interested himself in her behalf. He called upon President Kerr, and as his own daughter would enter the school at the same time, he made an arrangement by which Miss Hartwell should be given a four-years' course at the expense of the instituion, until such time as she could liquidate the debt by her own efforts—the institution in the mean time being protected by a life-insurance policy. This custom had in other cases been adopted for the purpose of assist-

ing those who came well recommended.

Miss Hartwell's studious habits and close application resulted in the completion of a four-years' course in three years. She not only did this, but later, by her own exertions, paid the debt she had incurerd in so short a time, that, upon receipt of the last and final payment, Dr. Kerr wrote her a very complimentary letter, in which he said she had done better, and paid her debt more promptly, than any one educated at the institution upon that plan. She was graduated with honors, but generously relinquished the valedictory to a much esteemed schoolmate. The Granville Female College with its beautiful campus was sold in 1902 to the Methodist Episcopal Church and is now occupied as an old ladies' home.

During her college years Miss Hartwell was burdened with solicitude for her sister Roxana and her little brother Marcus. In 1867 the writer took Rox-

ana to Cincinnati, placing her in care of the captain of a steamer bound for New Orleans; there she was met by a friend, and by him placed on a steamer for Galveston, where she arrived safely, was received by her great aunt, Mrs. Roxana Harrold, and found a pleasant home. Nothing could induce the grandparents at Hebron to part with the boy, and he remained with them until he was twenty-one years of age.

The following letter gives further information of those whose welfare the subject of this biography had in her thoughts and affections:

Latourell Falls, Oregon, July 29, 1903.

Mr. M. L. Wilson:

Dear Old Friend—I can hardly find words to express the surprise and pleasure your letter gave me. I suppose my dear sister has told you of the death of the great-aunt and uncle to whom I was sent when you took me to Cincinnati on my way to New Orleans and Galveston.

We afterward removed to San Francisco, where I met and was married to Mr. J. T. Smith. Soon afterward we came to Oregon. We now have a beautiful island home, on the border of the Columbia River, near this village. . . . My brother made his home with us for a few years past, but now has a residence of his own.

Sincerely yours,

ROXANA HARTWELL SMITH.

Of a naturally devotional disposition and a devout admirer of the beautiful and sublime, it could not but be, that notwithstanding her previous want of faith, a religious vein should now assert itself in Miss Hartwell during the associations of her college life. While attending the Granvile school, which was under the directory of the Presbyterian Church, she united with that denomination; and it was here, in 1867, she wrote the poem already given.

On the completion of her college course, and in possession of her diploma, Miss Hartwell realized that she had not yet finished her education, but that she

had only taken one more step on the up-reaching ladder of her ambition. She was impressed with the fact that graduates of our educational institutions have only made the necessary preparation for matriculation in the World's University. On that Commencement day's closing exercises of 1868, she stood upon the rugged cliffs of Parnassus, facing a busy throng into which she must enter, and alone carve her way to fame and fortune, if they were ever to be her's. Confronting her was a debt of eight hundred dollars. How was she to meet the ocean tide of life with so frail a barque? To a heart less strong there might have been faltering and failure; but to one who had already acquired courage from the buffeting of earlier days, and who had overcome difficulties from her infancy, the heart-beats only came the quicker and the purpose only grew the stronger.

After a few weeks, during which she

devoted her time to some literary work, and to the pleasures of home-life with the family of Judge Green (with whom it had been her custom to spend part of her vacation days during her college course), Miss Hartwell, with her room-mate, Miss Anna Hoff, through the instrumentality of Mr. William Lyon, a member of the School Board, secured positions as teachers in the public schools of Granville. Dr. W. C. Davies, who was Superintendent of the schools at that time speaks in especially high praise of Miss Hartwell's scholastic qualifications, and of her social and literary accomplishments. Judge Swartz, of Newark, Ohio, says he became quite well acquainted with Miss Hartwell from being one of a class in German to which she belonged. "The characteristics," he says, "which impressed him most strongly, were her wonderful memory, vivacity, and charming manner as a conversationalist, commanding both atten-

tion and respect." Mr. Frederick Clatworthy, now of Evanston, Illinois, relates that he was a student of Denison University, contemporaneous with Miss Hartwell's attendance at the "Lower Sem.", and says: "The Granville Female College never graduated a brighter, truer, or more aspiring girl than Mary Hartwell. She was full of that kind of lofty ambition which, to the observing, always gives promise of a successful life. A splendid example she was for boys and girls who, despite early bereavements and disadvantages, resolve to win by character, ambition and industry."

After the expiration of the school-year in Granville, Miss Hartwell and Miss Hoff accepted similar positions in the public schools of Danville, Illinois, the former devoting her leisure hours to newspaper correspondence and other literary work.

In the meantime, Miss Cornelia Hart-

well her father's sister, had been married to Mr. Allen T. Catherwood, of Hoopeston, Illinois, and another sister of her father, now Mrs. Hattie Devolt, resided there; and it was while Mary was on a visit to her aunts that she made the acquaintance of her future husband.

In 1873, Miss Hartwell made a trip to Galveston, Texas, for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Harrold (her great-aunt) and her sister Roxana. But it is as well to let the letter she writes to her foster sister, Mrs. Seba Virginia Taylor, tell of this. Her letter is dated Galveston, Texas, February 14:

I have been here some time, and shall return by way of Mississippi River. I came down here by rail, via Mobile. My impressions of the refinement and culture of society here would not be pleasant reading. My trip, however, was superb. . . . Have been down to the beach, and collected many beautiful shells. O, Verge, nothing can describe the sea! I lie awake every

night looking at long strips of it, glittering in the moonlight, until I fall asleep. . . . This is an awfully expensive place to live in. I will not try to enumerate the various expenses, but it is enough to ruin a poor man to pitch his tent here. My sister Roxy is so improved you would hardly know her. . . .

Sincerely your friend,

MARY.

After returning North, Miss Hartwell wrote many short articles, chiefly stories for children; and subsequently going to New York, she wrote for "Leslie's" and other Eastern publications, making her home, for most of the time, at Newberg-on-the-Hudson. Sometime later she was induced to go to Cincinnati, where she wrote for the "Ladies' Repository," and "Golden Hours." But here, too, her letter to her friend, Mrs. Taylor, will best give an account of her doings:

17 Smith Street, Cincinnati, O.,
July 9, 1875.

Dear Verge—I suppose you think me a wretch for my neglect, but I am not. I think of you,

if I do not write you. You see I have such a busy life I can't keep up correspondence except with my publishers and "my boy." My sister is now in San Francisco. Miss Osborne and I came here in May. She edits "Golden Hours," while I write for it and for New York publications, and receive many compliments from New York editors. Do you see my second book, "Before I die," now running in "Hearth and Home?"

How are the grandfather and mothers Conine and Green? I wonder if all those good old folks have forgotten me? MARY.

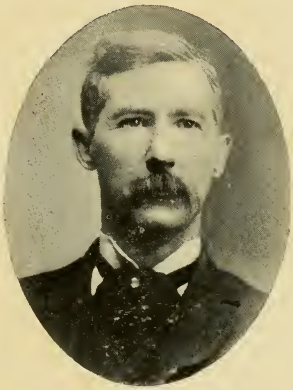
Miss Hartwell's success with her children's stories, and stimulated by the advice of friends, determined her to devote her talents and energies to the production of matter for more advanced readers. In this she was persevering with her usual success, when the "panic" of 1873 to 1877 drove many publishers out of business, among them some of those who gave her most employment. The result was that she was compelled to find new mediums for her mental ef-

forts. Time was passing, but in its onward flight it always had some promising event in store for her, and she cheerfully accepted a lifetime engagement.

Her Marriage.

The acquaintance which Miss Hartwell had made while visiting her relatives in Illinois resulted in a life-attachment; and on December 27, 1877, she was happily married to Mr. James Steele Catherwood, the ceremony taking place at the house on the Perkins farm near the village of Hoopeston, Illinois. Shortly afterward they went to Fairfield, Indiana, where Mr. Catherwood's business demanded his attention. While here, Mrs. Catherwood again remembers her girlhood friend to whom she relates her changed circumstances. Under date of February 17, 1878, she writes:

> We came directly here, where Mr. Catherwood was in business, and we now expect to



JAMES STEELE CATHERWOOD

remove to Indianapolis in about six months. . . My sister Roxy now lives in Oregon. When in Cincinnati I met our old schoolmate, M— T—. She was quite polished and accomplished, but restless and anxious to find independent work. I thought of the difference between us at school, when she had everything and I nothing, and now I with plenty and she with so little.

With all the old school-day love,

MARY.

Remaining but a few months in Fairfield, Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood removed to Indianapolis, where better opportunities were presented for promoting her literary interests. In addition to her other literary work, she accepted the position of dramatic critic for the "Review," edited and published by Mr. Geo. C. Harding. She took an active interest in the organization of literary societies and in stimulating the public pulse along practical and profitable lines. In this way she became widely known, and formed the acquaintance of many of the brightest minds, deepest thinkers, and

popular writers of the country. Hon. Benjamin S. Parker, who at that time filled the office of American Consul at Sherbrook, Canada, met Mrs. Catherwood here, and was pleased to take a personal interest in her welfare and aspirations. He invited her to pay himself and family a visit at her earliest convenience.

It was not long afterward that she availed herself of this invitation, and while enjoying the hospitality of this family she had the satisfaction of witnessing the celebration of "St. John's Day," July 17, 1884. The fine display of this unique and attractive event provided her with much information for her contemplated work, "The Romance of Dollard." In the procession was a "float" representing Dollard and his sixteen men, and it was this which suggested to her the idea of portraying this character in this story. She spent some months in the Dominion, studying char-

acters and scenes which she subsequently utilized, portraying representative personages, and enlivening her work with historic incidents of recognized accuracy.

Among those whose agreeable acquaintance and friendship she was fortunate in securing in Indianapolis was Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the poet. He highly valued her friendship, and always retained an interest in her personally and in her writings; from him, she used to say, she gained much information and encouragement.

During her residence in Indianapolis Mrs. Catherwood wrote a number of sketches for Lippincott's Magazine, and one for the Atlantic Monthly. She was especially gratified when she had gained recognition by one of the high-grade magazines, and thereby her ambition was greatly stimulated.

It was hard to dispel from her mind the consciousness of the few advantages

for improvement afforded to her brother still in Hebron. So while Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood were making their home in Indianapolis, she made a visit to Hebron and induced her brother to return with her, and for some time he was provided with advantages he stood greatly in need of. He subsequently went West, joining his sister Roxana in Oregon.

In 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood again changed their place of residence from Indianapolis to Hoopeston, Illinois, to which place her many subsequent years of residence and remarkable talents have given national fame.

Mrs. Catherwood's vitalized sensibilities would sometimes see her characters imaged before her as in the mirror of her mind and often before describing them.

It is a recognized fact in art, that, before the picture or sculptured stone has taken outward form it must be wrought

within by the genius of the soul. On one occasion Mr. Catherwood said to her:

"Where did you get the character of LeRosignol, the dwarf-girl, in 'The Lady of Fort St. John?' "

"Why," she replied, looking with that straight and earnest gaze which she had when wishing to express her idea plainly, "I was sitting here and she came into the hall and walked right up to my side; she stood right there," pointing with her finger and out-stretched arm "on the register."

Mrs. Catherwood Goes Abroad.

In 1891, taking her little daughter with her, Mrs. Catherwood went abroad for the purpose of collecting material for a new story. In her journeyings she visited England, Scotland, France and Germany. This journey occupied some months, and was fruitful in gleanings of historical matter which she afterward utilized in her works.

During the Exposition in Chicago, in 1893, a Congress of Authors was assembled, at which Mr. George W. Cable presided. He delivered an address on "The Uses and Methods of Novel Writing," and was followed by Mrs. Catherwood in an elaborate paper on "The Technic of Fiction, or Form and Condensation in Novel Writing." These were occasions she highly enjoyed, not only for the literary, but also for the social advantages it afforded her. Her circle of friends was constantly widening and it is no straining of the truth to say that among the literati of the country few writers held a higher place in public favor than did Mrs. Catherwood, even at this time. But she found it necessary many times to decline opportunities and invitations on account of her domestic duties and literary work. To say that she delighted in general housework would not accord with her positive expressions, and yet it is well known to her intimate acquaint-

ances that she was thoroughly competent, and when these duties devolved upon her, they were discharged with punctilious efficiency from the culinary to all other departments of domestic work.

Her Loyalty to Friends.

In reply to a letter she received from Judge Green, Mrs. Catherwood writes:

Hoopeston, Illinois, December 7, 1888.

My Dear Friend—

I have never forgotten your kindness to me when I was a very miserably situated girl. I would very much like to see you all again, though I am afraid I cannot have that pleasure this winter, as I am just now boiling my notes down to the beginning of my next book which will be my winter's work. Can not Mrs. Green and you come and make us a visit? . . .

One of the most enjoyable trips participated in by Mrs. Catherwood, with her husband and daughter, was in August, 1889; and as her letter speaking of it, written to Mrs. Taylor, contains other matter of her personal experience, I give

a liberal extract from it. It is dated Hoopeston, Ill., August 12:

I have a little while to rest before the book proofs of "Tonty" come in. We are starting, next Monday, on another trip through Canada. Expect this time to go as far as Grand Pier, in Nova Scotia. We go down the St. Lawrence by steamer from Kingston (Old Fort Fontenac), direct to Quebec; thence to Ste. Anna de Beaupre; thence up the Saganaw River through New Brunswick.

I read two chapters of "Tonty" before the Historical Society of Chicago last month, and there met Mollie Fargus and her husband. She was anxious to have me meet at her house others of the old Granville girls living in the city, but my time was limited, and I could not promise. I also, on another visit to Chicago, gave parlor readings from "Dollard," and was pleased to meet Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor. We must sit down together and have a comfortable talk sometime. . . . MARY.

In 1894 Mrs. Catherwood again went abroad, accompanied by her husband, their daughter and Miss Palmer. She had received and accepted a commission

from The Century Company to visit France, and make a particular study of the life associations of Joan of Arc. The papers on the subject appeared in The Century Magazine, contemporaneously with Mark Twain's series on the same subject in Harper's Magazine. Her experience is best told in the preface of her book, "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc:"

"This book is the outcome of many months of patient study and collection of material in America; the rejection of much of this in Paris; of journeys over the Maid's country, following her path from Domremy to Rouen, in voitures, in carts, and on foot; of careful study of the fifteenth century,—and, at the risk of creating a smile, I will confess it is the result of a Divine hint."

While on this tour she contributed a very practical article to The Atlantic Monthly on "French Roads and Road Makers," which elicited special consideration. This article was copied or referred to by the press in many sections of the country.

The party upon this tour had many interesting experiences in their coming in contact with the people whose manners and habits had so little changed since the days of Jeanne De Arc. In some instances where, contiguous to the family living room was the abode of domestic animals, no cleansing properties appeared to have been utilized since the house was first inhabited. But nothing of conditions, toil or discomforts could deter Mrs. Catherwood from closely inspecting, and jotting down her points and specifications. She might be deeply absorbed for a few moments but afterward would turn, comprehending the ludicrous features of her companions—answer the joking remarks—and get as much fun from the situation as any of the party. She spoke the French language fluently and the interesting incidents often called for the exercise of her decided characteristics and the fun-loving disposition of her husband and daughter.

CHAPTER THREE.

We live in the lives of those we make better.—George Eliot.

For more than twenty years, Mr. Jas. Steele Catherwood has been prominently identified with the business and progressive interests of Hoopeston and vicinity, and for over fourteen years a member of the firm of Wallace & Catherwood. During the first year of President Cleveland's administration (1885) Mr. Catherwood was appointed Postmaster of Hoopeston, which position he creditably filled for several years.

In Mr. Catherwood's happy marital relations, in his business and political interests he always found responsive and helpful encouragement from Mrs. Catherwood; while upon his part no sacrifice was too great which could in any way promote the pleasure or success of his

devoted companion. So it was but natural that her best work was done after her marriage.

In 1899, the demand for her work was such that it was found necessary, not only that she might be in closer touch with her publishers, but also provide more desirable educational facilities for her daughter, for Mrs. Catherwood to establish a temporary home in Chicago. To this her husband cheerfully gave approval; but as his business connections made it impracticable for him to accompany her, he was obliged to content himself with weekly visits or oftener to the city. For the first winter, Mrs. Catherwood, taking her daughter with her, took rooms at The Beach Hotel, sending Hazel to school at Lake Forest. The following year she changed to The Plaza Building in Lincoln Park and placed her daughter in The Young Ladies' School at Kirtland. Finding that it would be desirable to secure more ample and com-

modious apartments she established her home at 4852 Washington Avenue, which remained her city home to the time of her death.

In the meantime Hazel had entered the Kenwood department of the Chicago University, and Mrs. Catherwood's niece, Miss Naomi Catherwood, who was taking musical instruction, became one of the family. Here, with her busy brain and pen Mrs. Catherwood was very happily situated and enjoyed the visits of her husband, with whom she loved to talk of her work, and whenever she had opportunity read to him what she had written.

During the warm months the family always took their outing to some cool summer resort, usually Mackinac Island and vicinity, where invigorating recreation, sports and games supplied that variety of mental and physical diversity Mrs. Catherwood so much needed and heartily enjoyed. She took much pleas-

ure rowing and fishing upon the lake and her enthusiasm broke out in rapturous glee when she would take upon her line a large fish. She would turn sarcastically to her husband and say, "You tell me how to fish will you!" or to her daughter with "Now Hazel you need not think you can teach your mother how to fish!" The hills around would reverberate with rippling laughter, and should still retain sacred memories in their lofty cliffs and flash them on the rippling waters below.

The strenuosity of her disposition was shown not only in close application to her work, but also in the zest and earnestness in out-door sports and games. She played with as much vigor and spirit as she worked and her vivacity in society secured to her many warm personal friends.

Few writers, if any, gave more conscientious thought to the subject in hand, or worked with greater persistence

or more tireless energy than did Mrs. Catherwood. She put her whole heart and mind into all the surroundings of her theme as if she were living amidst the scenes she represents and felt the heart-beat of every moving figure. When expostulated with, by her husband and friends for not taking more rest, she would use the old adage, "I would rather wear out than rust out." Her accomplishments and influence were rapidly growing as her energies and genius were liberated into ever enlarging spheres. In her social relations as well as in the work of her pen, she aspired to be useful and to give genuine happiness to others. She was for many years, as her time would permit, an active worker in the Universalist church and Sunday School of Hoopeston, and in the community stimulated social and literary organization for mental improvement.

Two children had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood—the first being a

boy, who died in infancy. Later a daughter was born, November 7, 1884, who lived to be a light and comfort to her parents. In her book entitled "Mackinac and other stories," Mrs. Catherwood has inscribed this dedication, "To my daughter Hazel, the companion of all my travels."

The Mary Hartwell Catherwood Club.

In 1895, there was organized a literary society entitled The Mary Hartwell Catherwood Club of Hoopeston, Illinois. On the second year of its existence Mrs. Catherwood was chosen its President, which position she held up to the time when she found it expedient to establish her temporary home in Chicago.

November 7, 1902, a banquet was given by this organization, at the home of Mrs. Charles W. Warner, in honor of the seventeenth birthday of Hazel, Mrs. Catherwood's daughter. On this occa-

MISS HAZEL CATHERWOOD

sion Mr. Dale Wallace, the business partner of Mr. Catherwood, read a very interesting paper, which the following is a brief extract:

"I have been requested to contribute a brief article covering the career of Mary Hartwell Catherwood from childhood to the presnt moment. I comply cheerfully, for the subject is an interesting one."

The paper then briefly recounts the story of her birth and early struggles as has already been noted and continues as follows:

"Poverty develops genius. Wealth begets indolence. Show me a child born in luxury, and I will show you, as a rule, a creature of ease, laxity and languor. Ambition is deadened and energy is not required. If Mary Hartwell's father had left her in an independent financial condition, the world might have been deprived of her splendid genius.

At the age of ten she was given a home with her Grandfather Thompson at Hebron, Ohio, and placed in the public schools of that village. At the age of fourteen, being thrown on her own resources to obtain proper clothing, she was teaching school in order to prepare the way for entrance into the Female College of Gran-

ville, Ohio. Here she subsequently entered and completed a four-years' course in three years. When she retired from that institution she was eight hundred dollars in debt. Her uncle, Cyrus Hartwell, hearing of this agreed that if she would pay this debt in four years by her own efforts, he would make her a present of five hundred dollars. She did it. So did he.

While still a little girl in pinafores, and pigtails down her back, she contributed poems to the local papers in Newark, O. She loved the wild and weird in nature, and often roamed in the woods alone to dream. Like Joan of Arc, she would hear voices and songs and rippling laughter, and the verses would come to her without effort. An elderly gentleman of rare prescience remarked that while her poems were very beautiful, her field lay in prose story telling, and advised her to try it. Then she began "seeing things" as Riley says. The ambition implanted in her being by the elder Hartwell took entire possession of her, and the future unrolled before her. She foreshadowed her destiny. She believed her career had been unveiled. If vigor and vim, tireless energy, unceasing perseverance, economy and privations would enable her to win, the indomitable determination had her within its grasp, and she started on the voyage, determined to never cease until she had

reached the goal. Did she win, my friends? Did the little homeless orphan, who mastered a four-years' course in college in three years by working nights, Saturdays and holidays—did she win? I say to you that Mary Hartwell Catherwood's name will be emblazoned in glittering gold on the scroll of fame long after you and I are dead and forgotten.

She wrote a short serial for Frank Leslie—"The Mill Scott Million," and received her first check. Oh, the joy of that first check! The happiness wrapped up in that first commercial recognition of her brain work was far and away beyond the size of her check. Wasn't that a ray of sunshine through the rift of clouds that had hovered over her from the day of her mother's death? Then she began contributing to the lesser magazines—Lippincott's, Wide Awake, Golden Hours, Wood's Household, Youth's Companion—all short stories. The Wide Awake Company published four of her short juveniles that met with immediate popularity and have since become classics. Then she was requested to contribute to a magazine called "Outing." She demanded a deposit of $25 in advance, which was cheerfully complied with. She forwarded the story and in due course it was returned, scratched, interlined

and obliterated, with a request to make some alterations. The demand was unjust, and she knew it. But her carefully prepared manuscript was practicaly ruined. She refused to comply with their demand and also retained the retainer, which was entirely satisfactory to the publishers. Some time later they requested her to submit them another, and this one, proving exactly in harmony with their ideas, they accepted and remitted promptly, but deducted the $25 which they had advanced on the other article Then there was an earthquake, but it was not destructive.

As Mrs. Catherwood is present this evening I feel perfectly safe in announcing that she was born in 18—47. Thirty years later she was married in the house on the Perkins farm, northwest of this city. Then a few years later came her baby boy, who remained to bless the union but a moment, then passed on to the higher life. It was during this period of sorrow following that she conceived "The Romance of Dollard," in the preparation of which she lived for a time in Canada, and was about three years in getting it ready for the publishers. I doubt if there is a person in this audience who knows that the publishers to whom she first submitted that beautiful historical ro-

mance declined it, but such is the fact. Harpers returned it. It was then for the first time that Mrs. Catherwood faltered by the wayside. Her heart was cracking and breaking up into bits, and she was thoroughly discouraged. And it was here that her husband came in with one of his beautiful songs: "Never Give Up the Ship, Mary," and said "Go down to New York and beard the lion in his den," and in a few days she was in the office of the Century, proud, independent and defiant, but quaking inwardly. She submitted the work to Mr. Gilder, the editor, who inquired as to the nature of it.

"It is a serial—an historical romance."

"My dear madam," exclaimed the kind old man, "don't you know that we can't use that class of work here in New York?"

She arose, and there was a glow of potent fervor in her voice.

"Mr. Gilder," she said, "will you do me the favor of reading that manuscript?"

"I will send it out to our regular reader and when it is returned then I will read it. But there is just as much chance of your being struck by lighting as there is of the acceptance of your work and publication as you desire it. Why, we have here in our safe enough manuscript of that nature to last us five years."

Richard Watson Gilder had been up against propositions of various kinds in his long experience in the publishing business, but he did not know Mrs. Catherwood.

"I have no manuscripts to lie in your safe for five years," replied Mrs. Catherwood. "I want this published while I am living, and not later than next October or November."

"It will be several days," said Mr. Gilder, "before we can give you a reply; you need not be at the trouble and expense of remaining in New York. Leave me your address and I will write you."

"I will remain in New York, Mr. Gilder," she said, "until you accept or reject that work." With this she departed for the time. In a few days Mr. Gilder notified her that the "lightning had struck," advising her to call at the office and get her cheque.

That publication elevated her into a conspicuous position among the literary people of the United States, and the demand upon her pen from all the leading publishing houses was so great she was able to only partially meet it. She was called the Parkman of the West, and as Francis Parkman was the most famous historical writer and romancer of the past generation, no greater compliment could have been

bestowed, upon her. She received a personal letter of congratulation from that eminent man, complimenting her accuracy for detail and correctness of data, and expressing a wish to make her acquaintance. "It is so rare," he remarked, "in our latter day historical romances to find the historical facts so accurately portrayed." This was one of Mrs. Catherwood's most conspicuous characteristics. Her descriptions are perfect and from nature. Her facts are derived from personal observation and contact. Her characters, with few exceptions, are real. We all love history, and when we can have it interspersed with fascinating romance we love it all the more. She loved to visit the ruins of the forgotten past and live over again in her imagination the tragedies and comedies enacted there. If there were an old hermit to be found in the vicinity—Indian, Frenchman, Englishman or American—she would spend hours with him, pulling historical chestnuts out of the coals with the tongs of retentive memory. And thus she broadened into the field which she has occupied for two decades without a successful rival.

Seventeen years ago this night, Mrs. President, the subject of this sketch was blessed by the arrival of a daughter, and Hazel has indeed

proven a blessed comfort to her mother. We are celebrating the aniversary of that happy event. Cheerfulness, ambition, energy, determination, all came rushing back to her upon the advent of the little sunbeam. And then followed in due course some of the most remarkable productions of historical romance in the whole scope and range of American literature.

Did you know that Mrs. Catherwood in her earlier career contributed columns and columns of stories to various publications under a nom de plume? Do any of you remember reading short fiction sketches written by one "Lewtrah?" the name Hartwell spelled backward? Did you ever read the novel "A Woman in Armor?" Mrs. Catherwood is not at all proud of that work.

But from Tonty to Lazarre, the record is without a blemish. Lazarre is the last and greatest and brightest of the whole galaxy. It is the climax of her career. She may write another as good, but none better. * * * *

Those of us who knew her best will remember her not only for her literary attainments, but also for her home accomplishments. As a wife, as a mother, as a neighbor, she was an exemplary character. There was no envy there,

no jealousies, no bickerings. Because of her great renown as a gifted author, we feel honored to have been classed among her intimate friends. And our babies of a few years ago, who were her "Rosebuds" in the Sunday-school will some day be proud of that distinction. * *

It required a struggle for Mary Hartwell Catherwood to give up her home and sever the friendly ties in this city. She was married here, her children were born in this city, and her little boy sleeps in Floral Hill. She loved the people, she loved the town, she loved the country. But she in early life mapped out her career, and she felt that she had not yet reached the zenith, and could not with the limited resources at her command. So she resolved, very reluctantly, to leave us for a time, and climb the heights of fame. She is almost at the top, and when she reaches the summit she will come back to us, and when she comes we will all extend to her the glad hand and cordial greeting of true friends.

"In all my wanderings round this world of care
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still have hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still have hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the friends to show my book-learn'd skill;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still have hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return - and die at home at last."

* * * * * *

In all her busy life, her wanderings and associations, Mrs. Catherwood never forgot those who were her friends in the days of her youthful struggles. Chief of these was Judge Green and his family. The following letter evinces her loyalty in this respect:

4852 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
Nov. 19, 1901.

Dear Father Green:

Seba tells me that you have just passed your eightieth birthday, and I feel that you would not have full acknowledgement for all your good works in a long lifetime if I did not add my word.

Do you remember riding with Seba and me to Pataskala one day? Meeting some one, you introduced me, saying, "This is my other daughter." I never forgot it, nor any of the

other kind things that Mother Green and you did for me. You have thought I forgot, because I live such a busy life; so many people make demands on my time, outside my own family—to which I always devote myself first.

I was sorry, indeed, to hear of the death of Mother Green. I meant to go on purpose to see you both. The days rush by so fast; so many letters to write, so many friends, so many engagements to meet, when I am not shut up from the world at my work,—these must plead for the apparent negligence. I do remember and care for the friends of my early days.

With much love and wishes for you many remaining happy days,

Your (foster) daughter,

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

Mrs. Catherwood sometimes yielded to solicitations, and gave readings before literary societies in Chicago, Indianapolis and elsewhere, but was obliged to decline many urgent requests. While Mrs. Taylor,—her foster sister,—to whom she was much attached, was a resident of Union City, Indiana, an effort was made by the literary societies of

that place to secure Mrs. Catherwood for a reading, but were unable to do so. A special meeting was then called, and designated "Mary Hartwell Catherwood Afternoon," at which Mrs. Taylor read a paper on "The Author of Lazarre." Her intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Catherwood from the time the young schoolteacher came to her father's house and she and Miss Hartwell entered Granville Female Seminary together, enabled her fully to justify the expectations of her auditors, in her interesting reminiscence of "the author of Lazarre."

Comparatively few of her acquaintances knew that Mrs. Catherwood was present at the trial of Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley. She secured a ticket of admission through some influential public officials, under an assumed name. While not condoning the great crime, her sympathies were deeply touched for the young criminal and for the civil and political conditions

of the country which made such crimes possible. She saw in the case a tragic story which she was loth to relinquish the production.

CHAPTER FOUR

"That each bright act that's nobly done,
Has its own part in moulding
An image, fair as sculptured stone,
Although beyond beholding."

Notwithstanding her devotion to her home duties, social requirements, and the extensive correspondence with publishers and friends, Mrs. Catherwood found time for many deeds of benevolence and unostentatious usefulness.

In adition to her earlier contributions to various publications, her children's stories, her travels in search of historic facts and data, she has produced volumes which will take their place beside the classic literature of the nineteenth century.

"The Romance of Dollard," which was first published by The Century Company, attracted much attention, and

reached its seventh edition in book form.

This book contains a very complimentary preface by Mr. Francis Parkman, the Historian. Other works of acknowledged merit are: "The Story of Tonty," "The White Islander," "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc," "Heroes of the Middle West," "Dogberry Bunch," "Old Caravan Days," "Rocky Fork," "Secrets of Roseladies," "The Lady of Fort St. John," "Old Kaskaskie," "The Choice of St. Castine," "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," "Little Renault," "Bonny and Ben," "Mackinac and Lake Stories," "Spanish Peggy," and last, but not least, "Lazarre."

The last-named work has had a wonderful sale, and is the result of the interest she felt in the early French settlers of the New World. So strikingly did its dramatic features appeal to Mr. Otis Skinner, that he not only undertook its dramatization, but produced a play of such merit that it received high praise

from the press wherever it was presented.

Many years had now passed since the writer of this Biography had written to or heard from Mrs. Catherwood personally, and in March, 1902, he concluded to write her, reminding her of early incidents in her literary career, and modestly inquire if she had forgotten him.

After some weeks he received the following reply:

My Dear Mr. Wilson:

Do not think me an ingrate. I was so glad to hear from you, and had so often thought I should like to know where you were. But when your letter came I was in the Woman's Hospital undergoing a severe surgical operation. Engagements crowded before I was really able to meet them, and I have scarcely gotten even with them yet.

Just now, as the time approaches for our annual exodus north for the summer months, I am very much taken up with the play which Otis Skinner is bringing out with magnificent

setting, for production in September. He read the play to me Sunday afternoon. I think he will make a fine Lazarre.

Indeed I do remember that first money you put it in my way to earn, and that it bought shoes. I remember also several five dollar bills, and one sum of twenty dollars, which you loaned me on indefinite time, of your own motion while I was struggling through Granville College. If I were to pay compound interest on the sum, it would swamp me. Have pity, therefore, and tell me how I may best straighten up long arrears.

Our little daughter is seventeen years old and has just graduated from Kenwood Institute (affiliated with the University of Chicago). I do not know where Annie Hoff (Mrs. Roberts) now is, as I have not heard from her for a number of years. She married and removed West and so was cut off from her old friends.

I am glad you can feel it was worth your while to help me in the start. I had such a pull that many a time I felt that I was willing to lay down to die, but got up again and went on. Now I believe I have the best publishers in the world and they with me believe that my new book (now begun), is going to be maturer than "Lazarre."

My sister and brother are now both in Oregon, in comfortable circumstances I have just buried in San Francisco the old aunt who took my sister in Galveston. For more than ten years she has been my charge. . . . Whatever sins are charged to my account, it shall never be said I am ungrateful.

Sincerely yours,
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

In his response to this letter, the writer assured her that he had no financial claim to present, and was more than compensated by the receipt of autographed copies of her published works. In writing, July 25, 1902, from Dover County, Wisconsin, where, with her husband and daughter, she was taking her usual summer vacation, she says:

"I am working here in my long out-door study, and playing between whiles. Otis Skinner has just written me that "the play" is all ready, and rehearsals will begin in the Grand Opera House in Chicago early in August. Mr. Catherwood, who is taking our daughter and making some visits in Illinois, will join me,

with her about the fourth of August. It is like you to say I owe you nothing. I realize that no money payment could wipe out the debt I owe you.

As always, with sincere gratitude and respect,

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

The drama "Lazarre" was first produced in the Opera House at Green Bay, Wisconsin, September 8, 1902, at which time Mrs. Catherwood was present and the next letter the writer received from her was dated

4852 Washington Ave., Chicago,
October 7, 1902.

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Your photograph just received, and I am both astonished and delighted to see how little you have changed. It is the same kind man who used to take an interest in the little struggling school-girl. She has lately had some strange experiences; she has seen the children of her brain become flesh and blood, and theaters crowded to the doors to see them."

The report of the first appearance of this play read as follows:

"One of the most interesting events in dramatic history was the first production of Otis Skinner's new play 'Lazarre,' based on Mrs Mary Hartwell Catherwood's romance of 'The Dauphin.' Not the least interested spectators in the large and fashionable audience were six Oneida Indians from the Oneida Reservation, including Shenandoah, the famous chief, Rev. J. W. Merrill, and Superintendent J. C. Hart, of the local Indian post. Another interested spectator was Mrs. Josephine Phillips, adopted daughter of the late Eleaser Williams,—Lazarre,—the founder of the Indian mission here, and the alleged 'lost Dauphin' of France,—who is believed to have escaped from the temple in Paris, and to have grown up in this country among Mohawk and Oneida Indians."

The success of "Lazarre," and the ready sale her book met in all parts of the country, was highly gratifying. The author's sky, even amidst her physical sufferings of the year, shone bright in the sun-light of her achievements and

in the hope of the speedy attainment of her fondest ambition. She was now working up a new historical romance under the title of "Tippicanoe,"—to embody incidents connected with the New Harmony Colony in Indiana, founded by Robert Dale Owen. Both she and her publishers believed that she would produce a work that would equal, if not surpass "Lazarre" in worth and popular favor. She could not realize that her malady would have a fatal termination so soon, and continued to devote her mental and physical energies to the work in hand. Living in the glow of her fertile genius and in the warm atmosphere of her happy family and social relations she was beaming in the happiness of present achievements and the glow of a hopeful future.

"On one occasion previous to her last illness," says Mr. Catherwood, "as I was compelled to take a business trip West, just before my departure, Mary and I

took a drive of several hours. Although at the time her feet and ankles were painful from rheumatic trouble, she gave expression to her hopeful spirit by saying, 'Never mind, daddy; by this time next year you can be with us all the time.'" When he returned from his journey after an absence of about three weeks Mrs. Catherwood was confined to her bed. A second operation was deemed essential on account of cancerous growth and other complications. It was hoped that her vigorous constitution would withstand the severe nervous strain and that she might be spared a little longer to her friends; but it could not be. Her suffering at times was so great that her physicians were compelled to use opiates. Her patience and fortitude were remarkable but she realized at times the possible termination of her illness and on one occasion when her husband was standing by her bed, she awoke from a slumber and looking

up into his face exclaimed, "Papa, must I die?" Then she sank again to slumber, until her spirit took its departure.

Her Death

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood (wife of Mr. James Steele Catherwood), died at her Chicago home, 4852 Washington Avenue, Friday evening, December 26, 1902, at 5:30 o'clock p. m. This was the evening previous to the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage. The primary funeral services were held in St. Paul's Episcopal church in Kenwood, Rev. Herman Page, Rector, officiating. Although Mrs. Catherwood had still retained her membership in the Universalist church at Hoopeston, she had made the Episcopal church her place of worship while in the city.

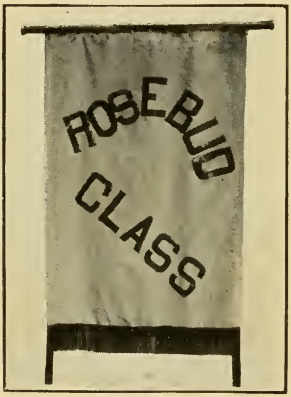
Only the closest and most intimate friends were expected on this occasion, among whom were Otis Skinner, Edward B. McKay, Lorin A. Davis, Edward Charles Bay, and Mrs. Deming.

Mr. Catherwood and his daughter led the way into the church, followed by Mrs. Robert Parkinson (their long-time friend), and Mr. Catherwood's nephew and niece, Robert and Naomi Catherwood.

At the conclusion of the services here, the body was taken to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway station and conveyed to Hoopeston, accompanied by the friends. On the arrival at Hoopeston, they were met by the lady members and ex-members of the Mary Hartwell Catherwood Club, accompanied by their husbands, who acted as honorary and associate pall-bearers. The casket was conveyed to the residence of Mrs. C. H. Catherwood, where her many friends called to view the remains, to pay their respects and to mingle their tears of sympathy with the bereaved.

The regular funeral services were held at Hoopeston on the following day.

At two o'clock on Sunday afternoon



The Banner of the Little Rosebud Class

the hearse and cortege moved from the residence of Mrs. C. H. Catherwood to the Universalist Church, where the regular funeral services were held.

The casket was placed in front of the altar, surrounded by banks of flowers, wreaths, and exquisite floral designs. Chief among these was an open book of white roses, presented by the Mary Hartwell Catherwood Club, bearing on the left page the initials "M. H. C. C.," and on the opposite page "Finis." Another was a handsome wreath of autumn leaves, from her publishers. Floral contributions were presented by James Whitcomb Riley, Otis Skinner, and other literary friends.

Possibly the most pathetic and touching incident in the ceremony was the banner of "The Little Rose-Bud Class." This banner was made by Mrs. Catherwood's own hands when she had charge of the little Rose-Bud Class in the Sunday School at Hoopeston.

The choir sang "Lead Thou Me On," followed by Scripture reading by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Everton. Rev. T. B. Fisher, of Peoria, Illinois, who had been pastor of this church when Mrs. Catherwood was a regular attendant and a teacher in the Sunday School, spoke tender words concerning the life and noble character of the deceased, saying, among other things, "She had finished the work required of her, and added her share to the life and joy of the age. In her home-life and in her social life she was a benediction, and wielded a power for good wherever her associations had been."

At the conclusion of the church ceremony, the funeral cortege repaired to Floral Hill Cemetery, where all that was mortal of this noted author, this devoted wife and mother, this beloved friend and neighbor was consigned to its earthly resting place.

The associations indelibly connected

with this sacred shrine will perpetually renew for those who loved her, hallowed and ever green memories, fragrant as garlands on the heavenly shore. "Dust to dust" is written of the body, but not so of the spirit,—not of the living, pulsing energies which inhabit the body. So long as the earthly form was capable of giving expression to the qualities of the living spirit within the body it was hers to use, enjoy, and for the happiness and good of those who belonged to her world. We who knew her best did not base our appreciation of Mary Hartwell Catherwood upon external appearances, but from noble qualities of the immortal spirit which found expression through the body for earthly use. But when the body failed"—The life did leave it" to engage in the higher services of the spirit-world. The vital energies and genius which she gave to the world, illuminated by her inherent goodness and truth of themselves are immortal; and in

that world these are the garments she will wear, while her pulsing emotions are no longer restricted by earth's limitations. To us she is still imaged in the bodily form; yet it was not the body, but the being within that bodily form which she expressed in life and gave to the world, that inspired our love and admiration. Not only by her genius, but also by her fidelity to all, by her mother-love devotion, by that steadfast attachment through a quarter of a century of wedded life.

"She has made her life sublime;
And departing leaves behind her
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

The parting may be hard below,
For human ties are knitted so;
But Faith and Hope shall be our trust,
With self-desire consigned to dust;
For now her earthly work is done,
Whose seeds will ripen in the sun,
While radiant in her work we see
The gifts of heavenly majesty.

CHAPTER FIVE

Brief Extracts From Some Obituary Notices.

From among the hundreds of sympathetic letters and obituary notices of special interest I feel justified in appending the following:

From James Whitcomb Riley.

"Mrs Catherwood was a dear friend of mine. I first knew her in Indianapolis, and her death is a great shock to me. I had a high appreciation of her fine mental endowment. Her death, to my mind, is a distinct loss to the fraternity of letters."

From Mr. H. H. Howland
of Indianapolis, Ind.

"My feelings over my personal loss are such that I cannot give a carefully thought-out appreciation of Mrs. Catherwood's worth, and

society's loss. I heard from her daughter, telling me of her mother's condition, and saw from her letter that the child did not realize the seriousness of her mother's illness. In spite of this, the news of her death is a shock to me. . . .

"She was a great lover of nature, and saw all of its beauties with the eye of an artist. She would go into raptures over a sunset, and clap her hands in childish delight at the discovery of the first spring flower.

"Mrs. Catherwood was a mother by instinct. It was a benediction to go into her home. Her love went out to every one, and every thing good. She was thoughtfulness, gentleness, and self-sacrifice personified. She had her full share of trials, but met them with a high courage, and bore them with unending patience."

From Mr. Edwin Scott

"Mrs. Catherwood took a place among Western writers that cannot be filled, and the unfinished work she left will be incomplete to the end.

"It is not generally known that Mrs Catherwood, in addition to her other accomplishments, was a poet. The vivifying power of

her prose was due, almost wholly, to the infusion of poetic thought; so that it would have been astonishing if she had not written verses. In fact, she wrote many in her early life. One of special merit, now that her mortal part has been laid under the trees she loved, is called

My Secret

If you knew my secret, you would not believe it;
If you knew my secret, you would laugh at me.
Once I was a tree: how my life did leave it,
That I cannot tell at all. But once I was a tree.

Wide I spread my branches, with all the leaves a-shaking;
Oh, but it was mighty to wrestle with the storm!
Deep I struck my roots, and feared not any quaking;
There I hid my heart's best blood, to save and keep it warm.

Still I want to ripple, with the rythmic motion;
Still I strike my roots so deep they never can be moved;
Oh, I want to sing the song the angels taught the ocean,
And the ocean taught the forest, for the forest was beloved.

Give me room to grow in; let me shelter creatures;
Let the autumn strike me golden; let the winter strip,
I forget that flesh has given me human features.
Still the Dryad spirit is laughing on my lip;

For I was a tree, with hill-sides for my pillows;
I once was a tree, glad in the rushing rains.
Oh, I want to sing the songs that the angels taught the billows.
When I see my forest kin, the sap leaps through my veins.

"This singing lyric strikes a sympathetic chord, and those who read Mrs. Catherwood's

romances understandingly will not doubt that it is a vital bit of her own personality."

Mrs. Catherwood was one of the most widely read novelists of the country and was a devoted admirer of the section in which she was born. In some of her early stories especially, she indicated this by the subject, or in the clearly defined characters or scenes of historic facts. "Rocky Fork" is a well-known portion of her native county, while "Old Caravan Days" represents the long line of white, canvass bow-covered wagons which meandered, in early days along that great thoroughfare—The National Pike.

To all who knew Mrs. Catherwood personally, and appreciated her noble character and brilliant genius, the words of Hobart-Chatfield-Taylor will find a oneness of sentiment and feeling. He said:

"Mrs. Catherwood's death was a great shock to me. She occupied a unique place in Amer-

ican literature, because of her inclination toward the historic features regarding the early settlement and exploration of the Middle West and Northwestern portion of America.

"Her books appealed to me with peculiar force, and I think they have earned for themselves a prominent usefulness. I have known Mrs. Catherwood for some years and have a distinct personal sorrow in her sudden death."

THE END.

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